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— I have seen no fortune so in regular course to my letter, as may have occurred since that the use of a commercial bank, and the use of these same institutions, have been more general. Under the late institution, it would at least furnish no propagandist bank, having no specie of government, which is itself the only and most important source of sound notes against commercial, marine, and mercantile enterprises. It would be a creation in you, I am sure, as in me, no more of reg barons, and blotted wealth, and multiplied aristocracy. These various applications would hardly be applied to the cause; and then the measure of men having time to cool, we might hope that they would at last come to a correct estimate of the use and value of the banking system.

— I consider myself to be of the number of those who have not given their minds fair play on this subject. That the late and former Bank of the United States were unconstitutional, I did not doubt nor do I now. That they were engines of great political machination, I was. But what care the mass of men for Constitutions and political balances? He who would found his opposition to a measure promising individual advantages, on such topics, must ever speak to heedless ears. He can but provoke the spleen of the few, who may be unwillingly convinced, and the scorn of all the rest. To debate such subjects successfully, must be had to the organization of crusade. If this can be fairly urged, it is well; if not, I suspect that few men, convinced of the truth of any proposition, are so scrupulous to use fallacious arguments for the conviction of those on whom weaker reasoning would be thrown away. Still, he who would preserve his own self-respect, will unscrupulously try to cheat himself into a belief of the truth and justice of any idea he finds himself compelled to advance. This is particularly true of young men, and I speak of a time when I was young. I am, not, indeed, aware of having practised any such voluntary self-delusion on the subject of banking; but I am bound to own, that I was content to echo, without a very strict examination, the forms of speech devised to cheat the multitude, which I found current in the world. When I consider the inherent difficulties of the subject, I do not very severely bluster myself for this. In such cases, it is easy to be deceived, until experience comes to expose sophistry, and illustrate truth.

— But he must be wilfully or incurably blind, who would grope in darkness at noon-day; and I should have no right to ask of you to revise your opinions on certain points, by the light of recent experience, had I not made a like use of the result of the experiments on the currency of the country, with which our rulers have amused themselves during the last five years. I am conscious, too, of having received no little aid from the ostentatious precision with which Mr. Calhoun is in the habit of stating his sophisms. It requires a boldness of deception, of which few men are capable, to impose on the unthinking, by a parade of the forms of logic, while they who have a capacity for investigation, are invited to examine the soundness of the premises and the accuracy of the conclusion.

— To the trifling assurance of this gentleman we owe it, that the vague reproaches against the Banking system, which have so long filled the ears of the public, are now reduced to precise specifications. For most among these, we find the charge, that Banks do not lend credit instead of money—and a complaint of the monstrous advantages afforded to a few monopolists, by giving them the exclusive right to lend the credit of the Government as well as their own.

— So far as this charge of monopoly is made against the Pot Bank scheme, by which the advantage was gratuitously given to existing corporations, it is for the advocates of the late Administration to repel it. I know not one better qualified for the task than he who makes it—the expert logician who can “refute, change sides, and still refute.” It is a case exactly suited to him. If their be a man on earth, who can be *et neutræ et ræsiæ* in the same controversy—who can blow hot and cold with the same breath, that man is Mr. Calhoun. Since he had become the admirer of General Jackson, the antagonist of his administration, and the advocate of his successor and imitator, he certainly has no right to call on his old friends or on yours to repel this charge.

— If this claim of monopoly is to be understood in reference to the late Bank of the United States, it is notoriously without foundation. In point of fact, not only was an ample consideration paid for it in advance, but the books of the Bank having been open to all, there was no man in the community, who had not an equal chance to become a stockholder to the extent of his resources.

— But it is said that Banks do but lend credit, and not money. To those who are

to be created by the mere sound of words (and for what else is this intended?) it should be enough to say, in such credit as the Banks lend they are ever ready to take no payment, or, in other words, that the paper in which their loans are made, is always received in satisfaction for those loans.

— But thinking men may require a deeper answer. To them I would say, that Banks do not merely lend their credit. There is always an actual loss of gold and silver. It is, in fact, always actually taken away; but this is only because the borrower himself rather chooses to receive paper. Medium, the species of it he requests, kept by the lender, for his use, as a means of securing the currency of the notes he takes away. It is true, that the whole amount is not always so kept. If indeed the borrower wishes it, it may be done; for he has it in his power to return the notes immediately, draw out the whole sum in specie, and replace it on special deposits, subject to his check. Is this ever done? Never. And why? Because the borrower cannot derive any possible advantage from doing it. It is enough for him, that there is always enough of specie in the Bank to keep his notes from depreciating. He therefore does not require that the Bank shall keep more than is necessary to be sufficient for his purpose, and so long as this is done, the Bank faithfully fulfills its engagement with him.

— But here, it seems, a benefit results to Banks, from the fact, that about one half of the specie, or less, is found, by experience, to be sufficient for this purpose; so that they receive interest on double the amount of their capital. If this were the *whole* truth, I am sure who would complain, but they to whom it is gall and wormwood to witness the prosperity of another. But this is not the *whole* truth; nor shall we obtain a view of it without considering the moneyed interest *collectively* as one creature, managed by the *creature* of the *UNIVERSAL BANKING SYSTEM*, which is also to be considered collectively.

— I am aware that the mass of the declaimers against that system, will receive this proposition with a shout of exulting derision, as what they will call a precious confession. I should be glad not to be troubled with these clamorous polemics. I have already “answered the fool according to his folly,” and would willingly have him. But the wise King tells us we must also “answer the fool according to his folly, lest wise men think us like unto him.”—Bear with me, for one moment, while I have “some more talk with this learned Thucyd.”

— We hear him exclaim that, by my own showing, the moneyed interest collectively stands convicted of receiving some twelve per cent on the whole of its capital. If I urge that most of this is to be deducted for the salaries of Bank officers, and for other expenses, he will tell me that these officers are a sort of incus feeding on the fruits of other men’s labours. But are their offices *exorbitant*? No, they give as much time and labour in return for their salaries, as any other officer. Are they *superfluous*? No: without them, no Bank could perform its functions as a sort of broker, or middle man, between the borrower and the lender. It is the agent of both, created for this purpose, and paid by both. Every man who has money to lend, has a right to lend it, if he can find a borrower. Every man in want of money has a right to borrow if he can find a lender. A Bank is an office of intelligence, where the borrower and the lender hear of each other, and where the lender becomes satisfied of the borrower’s sufficiency. It is the business of Bank officers to collect and communicate this intelligence, to obtain such general knowledge of the affairs of individuals as may justify them in recommending the borrower to the confidence of the lender, to manage their negotiations, and to keep their accounts.—They who perform this function, have a right to live by their business. When their salaries, and all other expenses are deducted, the residue of the interest received by the system collectively, will be the return made to the moneyed interest collectively, for the use of its capital.

— What is that? The dividends give the answer. If these do not exceed 6 per cent, on an average, the boldest and most malignant cavalier will not complain.

— But the average does, in point of fact, amount to 7 or 8 per cent; and this I maintain, is but a fair remunerations, under all the circumstances. For, be it remembered, that the moneyed interest is a *unit*, and that the banking system, its creature, is also a *unit*.

— Now if the moneyed interest, dispensing with the use of the banking system, were to lend its whole capital in specie, it would receive 6 per cent, by way of interest, in addition to its principal, all in hard money, and undepreciated in value. But would 6 per cent, be an equal compensation, if by wear and tear, in the use of the borrower, the principal had been reduced in value, by one or two per cent? Can it be an equal compensation, when made by a process which multiplies the currency, increases competition among buyers, raises

the price of every article of property, and thus produces a continued depreciation of the whole capital of the moneyed interest?

— What is the rate of the depreciation? Who can estimate it? No man. But while like the course of the wind, a definite calculation, the first, is usually impudent. What memory that goes back fifty years, may not recall men, who, with a few hundred pounds of annual income, lived in incredible independence and abounding hospitality! What is the effective value of like income now? Reduced at least one-half. Yet, within that time, the supply of gold and silver, instead of rapidly increasing, has notoriously diminished. The Solutions of Spanish Arsenals have reduced the annual production far below the annual consumption in plate and jewelry. Within that time, too, the discoveries of steam, the inventions of art, and the improvement of manufactures, have more than doubled the facility of producing almost every article of necessity, comfort or luxury.

— Take the case of two men, each of whom, fifty years ago, was worth \$100,000—the one in money, the other in land. We suppose each to have received 6 per cent, on his whole capital, the one in interest, the other in rents. We suppose each to have spent his whole income, and no more; the one being careful not to break in on his capital, the other using equal attention for the preservation of his property from waste and dilapidation. They were equal then. They have spenitually. Neither has lost or gained any thing. Are they equal now? Both were noble then, and the landholder is a nabob still, while the other has dwindled to a man of ordinary property. What has made the difference? The banking system. Who bears the loss? The moneyed interest, of which the banking system is the creature. Shall this ensue then, which, for the convenience of commerce, and to the advantage of every other interest has established this system, receives no compensation for the wear and tear of the capital with which it works? This is a tax which the moneyed interest levies upon itself for the purchase of a great commercial convenience. The other interests pay none of it. It is for their advantage. It is the creditor’s loss. It is the debtor’s gain. Were there no equivalent for this, the moneyed interest could make itself a martyr to the convenience of the public. The slight excess of interest over 6 per cent, is the only equivalent. That that is not too great, is certain. If it were competition would reduce it to the proper standard.

— The whole matter resolves itself into this—there is nothing wrong, unless the moneyed interest, through its creature, the Banking System, receives more than its due. It has a right to realize 6 per cent, on its whole capital, and, if it receives more than this, the excess is, on an average, not more than a fair equivalent for the depreciation of capital produced by the process.

— I am aware that no part of this advantage is shared by those moneyed men who live by lending their own money in their own private way. These bear their share of the loss, and do not partake of the equivalent. This may be one reason why, as by a sort of instinct, the money is always among the most malignant enemies of the Banking System. Another reason is, that that system is his great rival, and restrains his extortions within reasonable bounds, or leaves him only the bare pickings of those who could not get credit in bank. But he takes care to indemnify himself, by cultivating the prejudice against the system, and speculating on the alternate fluctuations produced by the expiration and renewal of bank charters. He must have been a careless observer who cannot remember that the most strenuous opponents of the late Administration of this class, were won over to its support by the seizure of the deposits. They snuffed the scent of carnage, and, flapping their wings exultingly, perched on the banner of the destroyer.

— In truth, the hard money system is the system for the moneyed interest. Establish it, and men will demand their debts in hard money, to the utter ruin of the debtor, and of all but the moneyed interest. The disposition of that interest to create banks, seems like a God-send to all the rest. It looks like something providential, as if the Author of all Good had put it into the heart of that great interest to provide a means by which others might keep even way with it, and save themselves from being devoured by it.

— What would be the effect, should every moneyed man in the community withdraw himself from all connexion with the banks, call in all his debts, and refuse henceforth to receive and to lend nothing but hard money? An earthquake would be born, in comparison with such calamity. The fall of Sodom would be a happy escape from it.

— The political economist understands these matters perfectly—*no* better than the Utilitarian. What a pity that he does not use his penny magazines to explain them to his many headed pupil, instead of exciting his malice to bite the hand that feeds him,

and to use *divide et impera*, which would him to any chance of escape from poverty!

— I will not magnify the advantages of such an institution, as I have suggested, by pretending to believe that it might be *secure* as a security against a dissolution, or the part of the moneyed interest, to take care of itself, and leave all other interests to do the same. I am satisfied there is no danger of that. The moneyed interest is also the commercial interest, and it derives from credit, in all its forms, a benefit to the merchant, which fully indemnifies the money holder. Besides, I am not sure that there is not a law of the human mind which will never permit mankind to rest in the mid of a permanent standard of value. It never has done so, and never will. Opinion, in obedience to the stimulus of gain, will work a depreciation by some means or other. Men may thus cheat themselves into a belief that they are *getting richer*; and that which all are sure enough to believe, all are readily brought to believe. Nor is this deception without its advantage. It supplies activity to the stimulus of hope, and, at the same time suggests a caution against imprudence. Under its influence, a man learns to find his wealth and his expenses increasing *per se*. He prides on with cheerful security in pursuit of independence, nothing doubting his ultimate success, if he can but bring economy in aid of industry.

— It must, doubtless, seem odd that I should thus discourse to you, sir, on a subject which you understand so much better than I. But in this instance, I acknowledge that I am addressing others through you. Let me hope, then, that these remarks on the Philosophy of Banking, may not be considered more out of place here than were the sophisms they are meant to expose, when delivered, by way of lecture, to the Senate of the United States. Presuming on an example so illustrious, I may perhaps resume the subject.

A FRIEND OF STATE RIGHTS.

The Editor of the New York Herald, in one of his recent letters from London says;

“A new mode of applying steam has been invented, which will do away with horse power entirely on canals. On the day of the launch last week, a small boat was passing and re-passing the river, without paddles or oars. She had a high pressure engine on board; and there she went through the water pull, pull, pull, pull, without incurring any other symptom of motive power, or even a single ripple disturbing her course.

“It seems that she has under her bottom a single saddle, in the shape of a screw, with one turn only. To this screw is given a rotary motion by the steam engine, and its motion propels her through the water, without creating a single ripple on the surface around the boat. An experiment was made last week on the Surrey Canal, and it succeeded beyond all expectation. I saw the little boat myself moving like a living creature over the dusty bosom of the Thame. There is now no doubt of the entire success of the plan, and in less than a couple of years I expect to see the whole line of the Erie Canal navigated by steam power, without injuring at all its banks. One such steamboat as I saw could take a train of thirty canal boats, at a speed of six miles an hour.”

Strong Facts in regard to Horse Rac-

ing.—A writer in the Louisville City Gazette, thus tersely presents this matter:

“Races, it is said, improve the breed of horses. And what if they did, if they degrade the grade of men. But I don’t like the truth of the position. Some few starting or stubborn facts are on the other side. I never heard of races in Arabia, yet the best horses and the best blood in the world are there. The great racing stock of England and America came from the blood of the Godolphin Arabian. There are no races in New England, yet the New England horses are worth in this country from fifty to a hundred per cent, more than southern horses. The horses for the plough, dray, mule, stage, coach, or gig, in New England, would bring under the hammer for higher prices in racing sections of the country, than their own horses. Racing only improves the breed of race horses. I was told in Virginia, by the stage drivers, that their best horses were brought from Vermont and New Hampshire—the Green Mountain horses are the best in the country for symmetry, strength, fleetness and endurance. Yet there is no racing in New England. Racing, then, is surely not essential to make good horses.”

A gentleman of fortune whose money getting talents had been but little aided by an early education, was told that the small pox was prevalent, and he exclaimed—“Well I declare, Dr. B.—shall *immunize* *all* my children this very day.”

Every thing grows so fast in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, according to the Ledger, that a farmer who placed his child upon the fence in the morning found a bird’s nest with *one* egg in it at night!

— To Jesus and Gloriæ!

Competition is the life of Trade.

READ ON!

WE have just received our expected supply

of Drugs & Medicines, which

make our dispensary general.

We now offer to

the people fresh and genuine Medicines, lower than

they have ever been sold in this place.

We will

receive additional supplies every two or three months.

We wish our friends (and enemies too)

to examine our stock.

All Orders and Prescrip-

tions will meet with prompt attention.

M. S. ALEXANDER.

Aug 1, 1838.

400/-

N. B. Persons can be supplied with fresh

beef at the ringing of Capt. Neely’s Tavern

at night.

— To Jesus and Gloriæ!

Competition is the life of Trade.

READ ON!

WE have just received our expected supply

of Drugs & Medicines, which

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We wish our friends (and enemies too)

to examine our stock.

All Orders and Prescrip-

tions will meet with prompt attention.

W. H. NEELY.

July 31, 1838.

400/-

Taylor, Harris & Co.

400/-

Bacon! Bacon!!

4000 lbs. Fine BACON and

some LARD, for sale

TAYLOR, HARRIS & CO.

400/-

June 13, 1838.

400/-

Nothing could exceed, in point and purity of delineation, the description given by Mr. Tallmadge, of the "Democrats" about which we have heard, so much, since Jacksonian and Jacksonian are synonymous terms. This graphic picture was drawn by Mr. T. at the close of his powerful speech in reply to Senator Wright, Durst, and Strange, when it was proposed to repeal the principal features of the "sub-treasury law." Let the reader now compare the positions here taken, and see if they are not true to life.

Mr. President, (said Mr. Tallmadge,) the Senator from North Carolina, (Mr. Durst,) has this morning introduced a bill to repeal the principal features of the Democratic party, as he is pleased to term those who, with him, are attempting to carry out the principles of Ultra-Federalism of '50. He maintains that they have been beaten in their projects, and brought to this humiliating position, because they have been abandoned by a fragment of their friends. See they have abandoned the fragment, and not the fragment them; this fragment, as the Senator is pleased to call it, is where it always has been. It still remains upon the firm base of principle, and there let it remain forever. It remains where General Jackson, Mr. Van Buren, and all their friends were but a short time since. It is they that have been thrown from this granite base where they have so long remained. Ultraism, like a volcano in the physical world, has destroyed the "attraction of cohesion," and precipitated them to the dark abyss in which the Senator now finds himself, and from which he will be unable to emerge. They have abandoned the old and beaten track of principle marked out by the sentiments of Jefferson and Madison, and followed the deviated and winding ways of new adventurers in the sciences of political economy and practical finance. They have entered upon a Quixotic expedition to reform the currency of the country, and after all their toil and trouble, like the knight of the Round Table, they find themselves tilting against windmills! Sir, it is they, and not we, who have abandoned and gone off. Had the President recommended the revival of the State Bank deposit system, we should have heard nothing from the Senator from North Carolina, or from my colleague about this Sub-Treasury scheme. All the friends of the Administration, with, perhaps, two or three exceptions, would have used most cordially with us to aid the banks in the reception of specie payments, to revive the business and to restore the prosperity of the country. The magic influence of the Executive recommendation, like the word of Prophets, would have allayed the tempest that was raised, and all would again have been peace and quiet. I implore no man's motives for the course he has taken. I know how astutely and imperspectively the mind is drawn into the support of Executive measures, in spite of its own convictions. Executive influence comes o'er it, "Like the west wind, that breathes upon a bank of violets."

had "stealing and giving odds," but robbing it of its high sense of accountability, and giving a delicious relish of that friction which always attends the successful issue of every "united expedition." "No, sir, I implore no man's motives. But I must be permitted to express my unqualified belief, that but for the unfortunate recommendation of this measure by the President, we should now be acting in harmonious concert for the common interests of our common country. Instead of this, the Senator from North Carolina is determined to "sink or swim" with the President—and however deep this Sub-Treasury mill should sink his neck may sink him, he seems to say: "I'll sink him deeper than e'er planned according And with him there lie muddied."

Mr. President, these experiments and "united expeditions," over whose law the Senator from North Carolina has wrought so bitterly, have well nigh ruined the country. At all events, they have given a check to its business, and a blow to its prosperity, which it will take a long time to repair. But for the recuperative energies of our people, a half a century would not suffice to restore our credit and our institutions to that proud height from which they have been precipitated by a weak or wicked administration of the Government. And yet, we were told the other day by the Senator from Missouri, that the experimenters had triumphed! They had triumphed, because the banks of New York had received specie payments! Sir, these banks remained in spite of your experiments; and but for the hostile position of the Government, they could have remained as well in February as in May, when foreign exchange was so reduced as to remove the fear of specie being taken from the country. Your experimenters compelled them to curtail their circulation, and reduce their discounts to a minimum extent, in order to be prepared even for a nominal resumption; and still no hour, with an exulting air, that the experimenters have triumphed! They have triumphed as certain other experimenters triumphed over a cat under an exhausted receiver. They pumped out the air till she felt that vitality itself was departing, when, by the very instinct of her nature, she put her paw upon the aperture, through which her life was ebbing, and philosophy may left to conjecture how much more she could have borne. So with these modern experimenters in currency and finance. The country has borne with their operations, till it has become exhausted, and with an instinctive and convulsive throe, has loosed itself from their fatal grasp. And yet, the experimenters have triumphed! And the Senator from North Carolina mourns over the loss of these democratic measures, whose success would have extinguished the last ray of hope, and driven the mercantile and business community to utter despair. God deliver me from such democracy! A democracy which concentrates all power in the hands of one man—and democracy which subjects the opinions and actions of party followers to his will, and to his will alone—a democracy which makes the great and paramount interest of the country subservient to the low and swelling purposes of party—a democracy which permits no action on any question, however urgent, the necessity may be, without orders from head-quarters—democracy that appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people, instead of enlightening their judgments, and ruling upon their reason and their patriotism—a democracy which attempts to set one class of the community against the other, as if their interests were not reciprocal and identical—a democracy which denies to every man the right to think and act for himself as those great questions in which the vital interests of the country are so deeply involved—a democracy which attempts, by party drill and party discipline, to subvert the very spirit of the Constitution, to subvert the Executive for the Legislative, powers to subject the will of the Representative to the will of the Executive, to compel him to act contrary to his own convictions, against his own judgment, in violation of his own conscience, and in open defiance of the expressed will and wishes of his constituents—a democracy which extends its influence from the seat of the General Government to the respective States; which swallows up the re-

lived rights of the States in the consideration of the central positive democracy, in such wide prohibitions in the heart of the country, as to render the nation despoiled under the delusive form of free institutions.

Mr. President, mark in the democracy of the South, the most remarkable feature of the system that has entered the time honored system of the reign of error, and now reigns in the Southern States, the size of its own circumference. By the plan of the United States cannot be decided by these men and hollow pretenses. Democracy, the monarchy, will be known by its fruits. The bitter fruits of this monarchy have already ripened sufficiently to become visible, on which they ground their tyrannical impudence, tested enough to cause them, like our first parents, to distinguish between good and evil. But, the question which is now cogent, is to determine the future character of our Government. Upon its result depends the question of the independence of the legislative branch, and also that of the executive, and the power over the Executive will. As the world is organized, or will the character of our Government be. This contest will form a new epoch in our annals, and the future history, with the "Invaluable philosophy of Gibbons," will date from this period the rise or fall of our Republican Institutions.

From the *Baltimore Chronicle*.

Mr. Clay in Tennessee.—Nothing can be more certain than that of the popularity of Mr. Clay in the West and Southwest is increasing with the most astonishing strides. A proof of this lately occurred in Tennessee, which is worth a special notice.

A meeting of the "original friends of Judge White" opposed to Mr. Clay, was called at Shivelyville, Bedford county, with a view of obtaining an expression of opinion hostile to the latter gentleman. The resolutions were all cut and dry, the chairman appointed, and two Van Buren orators addressed the meeting for four weary hours. The question was about to be taken, when Gen. Daniel Barringer, a distinguished and sterling Whig, formerly a member of Congress from North Carolina, arose, and respectfully directed the attention of the people to the nature of the movement which they were called upon to make. He briefly explained the motives of the originators of the meeting, exposed their inconsistency, and made amendment of their resolutions. Loud huzzas rang through the house as this veteran in the Whig cause proceeded in his remarks, and ere he had become wearied with the subject, the people gathered around him with the most enthusiastic interest. The Nashville Whig states that this defense of Mr. Clay was brilliant and triumphant.

The warm applause with which the remarks of Gen. B. were received stung the Locofocos to madness. The chairman abruptly abandoned his post, the leaders of the meeting called upon their followers to secede, and lo! about fifteen persons left the meeting, leaving behind them by far the larger portion. The people insisted that Gen. B. should proceed, which he did with the most triumphant success. At the close of his speech, he demanded whether they would "stick to the Whig cause and Henry Clay." Every voice responded ay! The noes were then called for, but not a tongue responded. Mr. Clay's strength and popularity far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his friends.

Assounding Transaction.—The federal Vanities assert that their Sub-Treasury system is now and has been in partial operation since May 1837. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Mr. Cambridge,) when he brought forward his Sub-Treasury bill in the House, thus exultingly expressed himself: "Suppose we reject this bill and go home; does the Sub-Treasury cease? No, sir, it must continue now, the law of the land, and will continue through 1838, '39, '40, and '41, in spite of all the lamentations here or elsewhere." This was the arrogant language employed towards the Representatives of the American people, by one speaking for the Executive and Treasury Department! But, to a Sub-Treasury transaction, and let every freeman and patriot ponder it well.

Major Brant of the Quartermaster's Department, who was recently promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonel, and connected by marriage with Colonel Benton of the Senate, we learn from Philadelphia was recently in that city, (we presume on his way to St. Louis,) with a Treasury warrant for thirty thousand dollars on the Min, at that place, payable in American gold!! What means this incurring of expense and risk of transporting gold to Missouri. Is there no specie in the land offices of the Western States? We venture to express the belief that there is an abundance of it, even at the Land Offices in Missouri, and probably in the Bank of Missouri at St. Louis, at the credit of the Government. We have heard, within a few weeks past, that the Treasury Department had given six months credit on its specie drafts, drawn on some of the Ohio Land Offices, to be paid here in specie, at the end of that term. Behold it is now sending gold from Philadelphia to the West! Why, and for what purpose has it been sent? We have been told through the columns of the *Globe* same scores of times, that Treasury notes in the West were worth more than specie, for the purposes of remittance. Why were they not sent, if funds were wanted in the West; and thereby obtain for the Government the premium they would command! and also, save to it the expense and risk of transporting gold? We all know, that the Quartermaster's drafts on the Department payable in Philadelphia, or New York, would command a premium of one per cent. in St. Louis, payable in specie. Then, we inquire again, why was the gold sent, at an expense and risk for the public? Was it that a

certain prophecy may be fulfilled, made two or three years ago, that the Sub-Treasury would speedily arrive, when the "whole river Mississippi, and all that flows through the interior of the long valley, and the farmers who inhabit the great valley that bears its name?" Or was it for the purpose of proving to the people of Illinois, when their election takes place next month, that the long promised Golden Era has at length, and on that particular occasion, arrived, to bless their State and secure universal happiness to its citizens?

If such deeds take root in the soil, what will not follow in the green leaf of sub-Treasury existence?

The sub-Treasury plan is in partial operation—this transaction is one of the fruits of it! It is carrying out the doctrine of the address of the loco-foco committee, published in the *Globe* of the 17th inst., that "the government only desires to manage its own business in its own way." Let the scheme be put in full and complete operation by the passage of the bill, so as, in the language of the President, to "give to the Government that entire control over its own funds which I desire," and we have an example in this single transaction of what would follow. We do not doubt, that a course of profligacy and prostitution in the use of the public money, for the advancement of the corrupt purposes and views of ambitious aspirants, would succeed, without a parallel in the annals of history.

Let the people forewarn and forearm themselves by this example.—Madisonian.

On passing up the Mississippi a few days ago, we had among our passengers two friends journeying to the far west; one much reduced by sickness, the other an active, noble-hearted, hot-headed Kentuckian, who, during our passage, had been unremitting in his attention to his debilitated companion. We stopped for wood; our Kentuck friend bounded on shore, and was not again seen until the plank was being hauled on board, and the signal made for our departure. We then beheld him issuing from behind a pile of wood, a bundle dangling from one hand, and with the other dragging a half-starved, unwilling cur, (a grape vine having been well secured around his neck,) who with his forepaws extended, was literally ploughing up the mud, vainly resisting the power of our athletic companion. All gazed with astonishment, but none thought it advisable, under his present excitement, (for he appeared in a boiling rage,) to inquire the cause of his absence and strange re-appearance. He directed his course to the cabin, where the invalid was reclining, and forgetting in his fury how brittle were the contents of his bundle, pitched it on the table, exclaiming, "there are your eggs," and "here," jerking forward the miserable looking dog, "here's my change." A general laughter followed this exclamation, nor could the good hearted fellow himself refrain, when beholding the hove he had made, for the broken eggs were now streaming from the table, and his hungry cur, most voraciously devouring the luscious meal. His story was short; he had gone to purchase eggs for his companion; a five dollar note was the smallest he had, the eggs cost 75 cents, and when he presented his bill, the woodman told him he had no other change than a litter of pups, too young to be taken from the slit, or the dog, which had afforded us so much amusement. And "what's his name?" said one—he had not heard it. An old negro, privileged alike from his age, and the length of time he had navigated the river stood in one corner surveying the scene, and when no response was made to "what's his name," said, (very respectfully though) "paw, mawn, call me 'Van Buren Currency.'" Cuffie's suggestion was adopted, and the miserable cur will go thus stigmatized to his grave.—*New York Star.*

Negro Gallantry.—The buck negroes of the North are coming on pretty fair in paying their addresses to the white ladies. A person who was present at the burning of the Abolition Hall in Philadelphia, tells of a dark Lothario who spruced up to a beautiful white young lady, apparently of the first respectability, who happened to be unattended—and, making his most condescending kind of a bow, he addressed her thus: "Miss Sarah, me hab de generous honor to accompany you to do home ob your fathers, and purtect you from de fierce racists ob de children ob de debil—I are a belieber in de union ob colors, and shall always go for de noxious principle ob maligance. Your arm Miss; I be descended from de hairy first families ob St. Baboon in Florida." True to his principles, Miss Sarah reluctantly took his arm, held on to it "like grim death to a dead negro," and they stalked off together from the crowd, as much pleased to all appearance with each other, as old mother Eve and the Ourang Outang were.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A certain gentleman of the law, in the state of New York built an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop and viewed the building very critically; the lawyer somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put out his head and addressed them, what do you stand there for like a pack of saucy blockheads gazing at my office? do you take it to be a church?" One of them replied: why indeed I was thinking so, till I saw the devil put his head out of the window.

Admirable description of the building of the *Times* of Liverpool, and when the author had finished his description of the building, he said, "This is the *Times* of Liverpool, a copy of which was given to Mr. Webster, the friend of the slaves, in the name of the Whig editors, to encourage the idea in a masterfully summary and satisfactory;

"How, when the master Whigs of Liverpool—With regard to a military campaign, they were in no case, and there were the world in early life, in strategy and reward by themselves, that were Whigs, and, however, Liverpool, Liverpool, and a host of the disengaged sons of the soil."

True: General Harrison's birth was "masterless"—he was a son of the Major of the Guards; and he was elected by his friends in commanding an office. But he was the neophyte of world command. With his knapsack on his back, a youth in his teens, he crossed the Atlantic, and in the course of a few years, he had won to himself a name, and a fortune, and a host of friends.

There is Thomas Young, whom the Whigs of Ohio delight to honor. He is the son of a poor tavern keeper, residing in an adjoining county. In his youth he did the labor of the master—meeting the expense of the master and the servant for many years. Feeling an intellectual power within, he fancied that he was destined to more in a higher orbit. Determined to possess himself of "the power of knowledge," he left home for the Hammon salt works, where he chopped wood for money, doing so work in one day as one master does in three. From the salt works to the halls of learning—thence by rapid strides to the Senate chamber! What a "lording!"

Then there is Garrison—who commanded his life splitting rails and building worn houses! And now he is poor in the possession of the land! The "land" of mind!

And last in our list, but second to none in the hearts of the People, is our venerable General. He, too, minded rails, drove his single pair of oxen—his entire "capital"—and earned the privations of the Beckyshaws! What personal sacrifice! A seat in the Legislature of the State, a Representative in Congress for many years—Governor of the land! (He built his cabin here before a more honorable title was achieved)—of his adoption!"

ASSAULT UPON THE NAVY.

The two last numbers of the *Official Government paper* contain an outrageous deliberate and cold-blooded attack upon the Officers of the Navy of the United States. They are charged, for instance, with "a total want of that *esprit de corps*, without which there can be nothing high and noble in the profession of arms," with "a mean and pitiful jealousy, equally degrading to the man and to the profession, pervading all classes of officers;" with a disposition, "in too many" of the young officers, "to shirk from service;" with "a absence of all spirit" with "a sordid spirit—an nothing, grasping, unscrupulous spirit," &c.

It is impossible to repress one's indignation at this venomous assault upon a body of men, than whom *as a class*, none can be more entitled to their country's respect and affection than the officers of our Navy. Is no man's reputation to shield him from the libels of the Government press? Is no elevation of character to be safe from the malignity of this organ of the Executive? Are honor, chivalry, faithful service, private worth, to afford no protection to the gallant officers of our Navy, but their feelings must be incurred, and their reputation hacked and hewed with the butcher's knife of this columnists? "by authority?" Will not the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy, with the instinct of well-bred gentlemen, decline and disown the wholsome slander of a gallant corps, whose estimation peculiarly entitles them to have their feelings respected, at least by those who stand to them in the relation of official superiors? Surely they will. They owe it to their own characters to do so.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

A New Question.—Application was made to the late Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Ohio, for an injunction to restrain the State of Ohio from throwing a dam across the Maumee river, which it seems necessary to carrying out her system of canals. The ground of the application is, that the Ordinance of 1787 "declares the Maumee to be a navigable river," and that the proposed dam is likely to "destroy or injure its navigation. It is contended that the ordinance is paramount to the Constitution, and of course to any laws that may be passed by the Legislature. The Court considering the question new and important, held the application under advisement.—*Nat. Int.*

Another Promising Sub-Treasurer.—We are informed, says the *Detroit Daily Advertiser*, by a gentleman who is ready to vouch for its truth, that Abner C. Blumson, appointed a Deputy Collector and Inspector of the customs in the St. Joseph district, is the late Warden of the New Hampshire State Prison, who abandoned, after involving the State in a loss of some twenty thousand dollars, carrying away the books and vouchers belonging to the prison. Surely the people of St. Joseph must feel highly complimented at this gracious transfer of one of Isaac Hill's pet sub-treasurers to their own good neighborhood.

When Mr. Adams visited his home at Quincy, for a few days, during his presidency, the blackguard Jackson prints advised him as a runaway. But no Whig press vents the vulgarity Mr. Van Buren encouraged, now that he has left his duties at Washington, to bury, if he can, the mortification of his late defects and disgraces amid the reveries of the Virginia Springs.—*Salem Gazette.*

Prentiss has received a copy of the work entitled "Living without means," which he intends presenting to the General Governor.

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The birth of the bull, and the name of the person who received him, those who were in his wife and child. But, in another environment, he was enabled to live by increased by the time elapsing of the

fourteen years caught hold of him for help, and he too was disabled, until Mr. M. presented to him a fragment of the iron.

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While thus engaged, a boy of twelve years caught hold of him for help, and he too was disabled, until Mr. M. presented to him a fragment of the iron.

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There is a *Hill* for warm weather.—Somewhere in Java, or in other eastern regions, the original legislators, while holding a "poker," keep themselves cool by a device that might perhaps be advantageously adopted in Congress during warm weather. A sufficiently large, and filled with cold water, is provided for each member, who goes into it during the session, and sits in the hour of adjournment, immersed in it neck in the tranquillizing fluid. The members take are therefore calm and deliberate, and the debates are likewise free from heat and ill-temper.—The Javanese *Sailors* cannot lash themselves into a fury by self-gnawing, for any attempt at self-gnawing a splash would probably result in being split. Thus, these cold-water jars have a tendency to prevent all jars of a warmer and more disagreeable nature. Under these arrangements the phraseology of the House might perhaps require alterations. Indeed, of being "out of order," a gentleman might be told that he was "out of water," and instead of ordering him to "take, he out," the member might be required to "get into his jar."

The effect, likewise, of an unexpected circumstance protruding from the machinery conduct to otherwise than picturesque and entertaining. *Lycosus* is a pigkin would surely be as imposing as *Dipter* in a tub.—*Pennsylv.*

National Characteristics.—"English," the *Temps* (Paris paper) observes, "is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal counting house. France, is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an uncultivated field, because they are philosophers and set persons who till it. Southern Italy is a village in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenter's yards. Poland is an sandy health—Russia is an ice-house. Switzerland is a chateau. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field fellow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a workshop for spiceries. Africa is a furnace. Algeria is a nursery ground. Asia is a store. South America

NOTES.

From the Atlantic Union.

MY NEW COAT AND BRACELET.
My new coat I say now, and bracelets I have
And my collar of lions in white.
Oh! give me but these, and I'll start like a king,
And get through the world wrong or right.

I went to a promenade up and down the street,
The smile that adorns each fair face;
And here there comes, "Oh! how cool? And

How grand! What a dress!"—and what
grand!

You, my new coat and bracelets, and collar in
white.

Shirt, stockings and stockings, I've none;
From whence to whence I button up right,
Oh! with these I'm the "tip of the hat."

At the hotel that the town can afford,
I live like a Prince, without pay;

For a gentleman never is dunned for his board,

"The bill's ready to go away.

To the very last circle I am surprised to see,—
To "soot, a fat, roaster bull,"

"Till I'll off my old ratty, and don't my new
one.

Oh! my new coat and bracelets did all.

At the altar of love had I placed till dommey,
I had gained my smile to my coat;

But my new coat and bracelets ruined the
way.

To an angel, an briar to love.

In love's bound world, I say fair and abroad,

The smile of my new coat around her;

The smile, necklace, and bracelet, then truly
adorned.

That in love's willing chains I had bound her.

We closed, and yet married,—here ends my
short tale.

And a useful moral it teaches;

That vice will prosper where virtue would

fall;

Just give it a new coat and bracelets.

J. S. E.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

"Tis not in power when at my door,
A troubling brother stands.

To aid the weak that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

"Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,

For faith he had once known;

"Tis not to leave him in despair,

And say that I have none.

The voice of charity is kind,

She thinks nothing wrong;

To every fault she scorns blind,

Not vanquished with her tongue.

In penitence she plucks faith,

Hope smilth at her door,

Believeth first, then softly saith,

Go, brother—sin no more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VOW—A Northern Tale.

FROM THE GERMAN.

In an ancient battle of the Saxons there happened once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glowed many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many a bright gold shield through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repelled, and were already so far driven back, that the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, dispense the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive fight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field, the sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland" in vain steamed his blood, and the blood of his foe, over his resplendent armour. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy score on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again, rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint hearted fell behind; and again the enemy repelled.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward and if we conquer, I tow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and of our deliverance."

Again the attack was renewed, but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army, "If we return victorious from this charge, ye Gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

Shuddering, the warriors hastened after him,—but fortune was still against them; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band; and all that remained of the great nation collected around him, and spoke thus:

"Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counseled this war."

Adalbero replied, "My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods of victory; and what can I more?"

The sad multitude called only the more to him, "thou art our ruin; for thou hast counseled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the Mighty God of Thunder to pierce it with a thunderbolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from Heaven, and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, "There remains only that which is most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, thou God of armis, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife my only heart-loved child,—they belong to thee. Great Ruler in Asgard; with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee, but I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when fearful thunderings rolled over the field of

battle, and clouds gathered round the conqueror; and the Danes, with horrid cries, shouted at "what ungodly? What Gods are with us?" With reverent awe forward raised the hand,—the height was carried by storm, and Adalbero, still under his shield, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children, both, and, with outstretched arms greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an acquaintance with pleasure, or with a poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand, while the little one always leaped and cried, "Father, father! beloved Father!"

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors, many had heard his horrid vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what heavy men, he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then re-entered the castle, and sending the domestics away, under various pretences, sprung from his horse, closed the gates with a thundering sound, securing them carefully and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a current of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Similde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering to the Gods," replied Adalbero, "and then I shall relate every thing to you. Come to me soon to the hearth."

"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrifice," said the sweet Similde; and the little one cried out clapping her hands.

"I also will help; I also will be there," and skipped away with her mother.

"These words, 'I also will help' I also will be there," the hero repeated, as dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile, with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the grateful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, performing pan and taper used in sacrifices. Then it passed through his mind that his vow could not be valid; for such arrow could not find a place in the heart of a man.

But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heavens.

"I know well by, sighing heavily, your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow.

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and, with soft tears, she said, "Ah! I hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband I see no victim!—shall human blood—"

Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed so terribly, that it echoed through the hall, and the little one terrified, shrunk together.

Similde knew well such vows, in ancient times. She looked entreatingly to her lord, and said, "Remove the child."

"Both, both I—I must!" then murmured Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, "Quick child, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes, thy father has brought a present for thee, and will now give it thee."

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see presently," said Similde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her now white bosom, and kneeling before her sacrifice, besought that she might be the first victim.

"Quick, quick; whisper so softly to the finger, 'else will the poor child be so terrified.'

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel.—Then roared the thunder, and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head form which the bandage had fallen, and said, "Mother, what present has my father brought to me?" The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

"The Gods have spoken!" cried the pained father; and with a gush of unutterable love, the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains reared the temple, where many years afterwards St. Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith.

"Tuck in your Ruffle."—We have a few nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son as he came from school at 12 o'clock.—Thomas tucked in his ruffle and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith until he earned his dinner, and then ate it with a good relish. "Put on your ruffle Thomas, it is school time now," said the father.—Thomas expected it, and felt as happy with his ruffle tucked in, as his playmates at their play.

It would be no bad notion "in these hard times, for many a young man to tuck in his ruffles, and swing an axe, or hold a plough,

or make a nail—for surely a young man, whom expectation of riches from the gains of trade are only disappointed, to earn a living in some calling which the world knows less but pays better—some humble occupation which while it holds out no alternative hope of immense wealth by a single speculation, assures him of food and raiment.

We would here recommend Agriculture, in a special manner. Not such farming as consists in first running in debt for land and mortgaging them back for payment; then borrowing money to put up fine buildings, and then hiring men to carry on the farm. No! this is not the way. But lay your shoulder to the wheel—tuck in your ruffle and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. It will be the sweetest you ever taste.

RECEPTS.

For Croup or Colic.—The white of an egg frothed, a table spoonful of brandy to a wine glass of hot water, mixed and gratified plentifully with nutmeg. It is infallible.

To Prevent Tooth Ache, Ague and Sore Throat.—Wash the back part of your head and neck every morning in cold water—the colder the better, and afterwards rub them with a towel and you will seldom, perhaps never, be troubled with a painful affection.

Penny Royal.—Farmers might easily save the flesh of horses and cows, and conser for a great kindness on their animals in preventing the usual annoyance of flies, by simply washing the parts with penny royal. Flies will not light a moment on the spot to which this has been applied. Every man who is compassionate to his beasts, ought to know this simple remedy, and every livery stable and country inn ought to have a supply on hand for travellers.

Something New.—It is stated that Cognac Pepper, mixed with Indian meal is excellent food for Turkeys. The Turkeys raised by this process are more hardy, less liable to perish from the cold storms and wet weather, and acquire their growth at an earlier period, than those that are reared upon the ordinary food.

Why are ladies' gowns about the waist, like a Camp Meeting? Because there is a great gathering there.

D. L. M'KAY

REPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he is now ready to attend to receiving and forwarding GOODS to the interior.

Shipping Cotton, &c.

He will make liberal advances on all kinds of produce sent him for sale or shipment.

Intending to devote himself exclusively to this business he flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfaction.

Charlotte, S. C. July 15, 1838. 213.

Steamboat ANSON.

THIS new and substantial Steam Boat, Coppered and Copper fastened, is now ready for service, and built expressly for the trade between this place, and Georgetown and Charleston, will in a very short time be ready to receive freight.

Shippers are confidently assured that in case of a low river their goods will not be detained, as a sufficient number of lighters have been provided to insure the delivery of goods, directed to be shipped by this boat.

J. ELIJ. GREGG, President
Merchants' and Planters' S. C. Company.

Charlotte, July 4, 1838. 112.

McDUFF

WILL be in Charlotte 3 days in each week, viz: On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and the balance of his time at People's Store, until the Fall Season commences, which will be the first of September.

For further particulars, enquire at the Mission House.

WM. P. JOHNSON.

July 11, 1838. 404.

WILLIAM W. GRAY'S

WILLIAM W. GRAY'S
LAVENDER
OINTMENT,
For Ulcers, Tumours, &c.,
Can now be obtained at the Office of the Raleigh Register.

Single Pot, 1 dollar—One dozen, 9 dollars.

WILLIAM W. GRAY.

Raleigh, October 4th, 1836. 194.

ANOTHER CURE.

Raleigh, September 30, 1836.
I am now 58 years of age—when in my 17th year, I received a wound on my left leg, which became ulcerated, and continued so until the first of March last. It would occasionally heal up and then break out again; but most of the time it was in a very painful condition, the sore having extended to a large size, and became very dry. I tried many remedies to make a cure, without success, until I applied Gray's Lavender Ointment, two pots of which have effectually cured my leg, and reduced it to its natural size. The ointment would have been made much sooner, had I strictly attended to the directions for the use of the Ointment; but this I failed to do, while I took much exercise, and very improvidently used tight bandages. My leg has been well for more than six months, during which time, I have walked much, yet it remains firm and free from all soreness or inflammation. After having been afflicted for a period of forty-one years, I now enjoy the benefits of a sound leg again.

LEWIS HOLLOWAY.

Charlotte, Oct. 1, 1836. 214.

Warrants Deeds for sale at this Office.

CONTRACTS, LEADS, &c., for sale at this Office.

THE subscriber desires to inform

the public, that he has more than 5000 feet of

leads, which he has made himself, and which

will do well in any part of the country.

As it is likely there will be a great

desire of a set of these, he will sell them at

the lowest price.

JOHN A. FITCHARD.

Charlotte, July 15, 1838. 215.

N. B. Persons wishing to see the true set shall

do so by calling on the subscriber at his residence.

DR. J. M. FLETCH